

SERMON

Preach'd before the
King and Queen,
In their Majesties Chappel at St. James's
On *Sunday, October 24. 1686.*

By the Reverend Father Dom. W. M. Monk of the Holy
Order of St. Benedict, and of the *English Congregation,*
Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

Published by His Majesties Command.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Nat. Thompson at the Entrance into the Old
Spring Garden near Charing Cross. MDCLXXXVII.

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Matth. XXII. ver. 21.

Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsari, Cæsari.

Render therefore to Cæsar the things which are
due to Cæsar.

Implicitly of Heart, (Most
SACRED MAJESTY,) sim-
plicity of Heart is one of
the fairest Which God car-
ries in his Eye, nor does he
love Plain Deales more than
Dissemblers who
bluow And

And yet, what practice is there to be found, more common, and usual with Man, than that of *Dissimulation*; insomuch, that 'tis believ'd, and said; he knows not how to live, who can't *dissimble*. *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere.*

But were the Heart Transparent, were our Thoughts Visible, the *Dissimblers* Trade would fail him: Since all *dissimulation* takes its rise from a supposal, that He, who hears our Words, sees not our Thoughts: For, to enlarge upon our Love for him, who sees our Heart, and knows we Hate him, would be to run Counter to our Aim, and break the Ladder we design'd to climb by.

Hence, notwithstanding all those convincing Arguments they found in Scripture, to believe our Saviour CHRIST was God, notwithstanding all those unheard of Miracles wrought in confirmation of this Truth, evident it is, the Jews believ'd him only to be Man, and as meer Man dealt with him.

For, had they indeed believ'd him to be God, that is *Scrutator Cordium*, the Searcher and Inspector of all Hearts, speaking to him, who knew their meaning, they doubtless would

would have spoke still what they meant, whereas in all their smooth Addresses to him, we may observe their Tongue, and Heart, point several ways, and by their daily attempts to entrap him with their Words, we are convinc'd, they judg'd him ignorant of their Thoughts, and by consequence, not God.

And yet, at those very times, they play'd the *Hypocrites*, and Angled with a double Rod; our Saviour, by manifesting that He knew their Design, made it evident that He saw their Hearts, and was as well spectator of their Thoughts, as witness of their Actions.

Yet they run blindly on still, still believing that our Saviour knew no more than what he saw, made it their daily study to entrap him; but still impos'd upon, still ensnar'd themselves, and amply verified that Text which tells us, *Sapientia hujus Mundi stultitia est apud Deum*, The wisdom of Man is folly in the Eyes of God; For, what greater folly can there be, then in order to obtain our ends, to chase those very Mediums lead from it? And such was this days folly of the Jews.

1 Cor. cap. 3.

They were much willing to believe, that being the People of God, they lay under no obligation to pay either Tax, or Tribute to a Heathen Emperor; and to make our Saviour responsible for the denial of it, and for all Tumult should ensue upon such denial, they address themselves this day to him in a most humble way, and with a parcel of Sugar'd words, try to couch their Rebellious Inclination under his Warrant; and so by making him an Enemy to *Cæsar's* Interest, render him a Foe to his own safe Being: And by betraying him thus to *Cæsar's* Anger, cause him to fall a much long'd for Sacrifice to their malice.

But this their Wisdom shew'd it self true Folly, and soon they found themselves intangled in that very Net, they spread to catch our Saviour with.

For He, ever a friend to *Cæsar's* just Prerogatives, and that Allegiance is due from every Subject to his Prince, instead of quitting them from their Obligation, he chains them faster to it; and lets them know, that whatever hath the taste of Rebel humour, is no fit Viand to be dish'd for Heaven, nor
God

God to be enrich'd by *Cæsar's* losses; But that whoever would stand fair in the Eye of Heaven, must submit to those who rule the Earth. And that none does, or can play his Game fair with God, who cuts the Cards foul to *Cæsar*: and with this Lesson in their Ear, away our Saviour packs this pack of Treacherous Hypocrites, saying, *Reddite ergo quæ est Cæsaris Cæsari: Go, and Render to Cæsar the things which are due to Cæsar.*

Since then Submission, Loyalty and Fidelity are things due to *Cæsar*, I cannot methinks at present, Imploy my Time, or Labour better, than, by a short enquiry, to find out, in the first place, who thole are, *That give indeed to Cæsar what is due to Cæsar*; that is, who act the Loyal, and the Faithful Subjects.

And, in the next, and last part of my Discourse, to observe, what *Precipice* of danger they walk on; what Curse, what Punishment they lie open to, who give not unto *Cæsar* what is due to *Cæsar*; that is, in other words, who offer at, side with, or promote *Rebellion.*

For

For the better discharge of which Spiritual Province, let us now first of all, bend knees to Heaven, and address our selves for help to that ever over-flowing Fountain of Goodness, the Incarnate Word, by the Mediation of his Virgin Mother, *Ave Maria.*

Render therefore unto Caesar, the things which are due to Caesar.

TOWARDS the final close of all things, *Abundabit iniquitas*: Iniquity, (says our Saviour Christ) *shall abound.*

But all Iniquity, consists either in a Recoil from our Obligation to God, or in a Revolt from our Duty to *Caesar.*

We Recoil from God by *Murder, Theft, Adultery*, and all commission of such other Crimes. We Revolt from *Caesar* by *Treasonous Designs, Rebellious Practices.* But neither *Treason*, nor *Rebellion*, would find footing in the World, if *Caesar* had his Due; nor any of these fore-mention'd Enormities have Being, if God enjoy'd his Right.

Well then, in order to the suppression of Iniquity, and amendment of the World, may

may our Saviour say, *Reddite que sunt Caesaris, Cesari, Give to Caesar what is due to Caesar;* Since *Caesar's Due*, and *God's just Right*, are so interwoven, that as *Caesar* cannot have His Due, while *God* wants His Right: So neither can *God* have His Right, while *Caesar* wants His Due.

For, if to obey all Lawful Magistrates, be a Christian Obligation, and part of our Duty to *God*, and this latter cannot be discharg'd, if the former be not perform'd, how can we comply with our Duty to *God* in the fulfilment of this his Precept, and yet not obey the command of *Caesar*, who is Supreme Magistrate of all?

As then it cannot but seem a piece of Heathenish folly to think of living in a due subjection to *God*, while we continue Rebels to *Caesar*; so must it needs be a part of Christian Wisdom, to live in a due subjection to *Caesar*, that we may not be look'd upon as Rebels to *God*. *Reddite ergo que sunt Caesaris, Cesari.* Let us therefore be in all things true and faithful Subjects, since to be *God's* by a just Conformity; we must be *Caesar's* by

a due Compliancy, and by lying under the censure of Enemies to either, we imprint upon our selves the Character of Foes to both.

Cap. 21.

Our Saviour in St. *Matthew* brings Two upon the Stage; the one of which, bid do a thing, says No, but does it; the other, with a ready Compliancy, makes Answer, that he will, but does it not.

Now the question is, Whether either of these may be justly rank'd amongst Loyal Subjects; since both appear to have stray'd from their Duty; the one by Opposal, the other by Neglect; in that Mans Words there seems to be Affront, Abuse in this Man's Actions; and neither of them appear to carry look of Loyalty, or make show of Duty.

• And yet, He who opposes, (if we mind Commentators,) may be a Cordial Friend, a Loyal Subject; And saying, No, he may not so much refuse to do the work injoin'd him, as make known that reluctance, he finds within himself to do it: And this reluctance too, may be excusable, and an effect of Loyalty.

To

To which purpose we read how *David*, ^{2 King. 24.} set upon an over-curious pin, commanded *Joab* to number all his People. *Joab* knew well such enterprize to be dangerous, and like, if prosecuted, to bring from Heaven Vengeance down upon both King, and People; and thereupon when bid to do it, He, in effect, said No, by shewing great Reluctance to comply, arguing against it, and wishing *David* to consider well, what the Event might be of such a rash adventure: And yet because so ordered by his King, he did it finally, though with much regret.

As then it may not seem to clash with the Duty of a Loyal Subject, modestly to argue against what his King proposes; or reason calmly this, or that Case with him; so 'tis his Obligation to Obey, when what's Com-manded, is insisted on, though he approve not of it. And thus, who says no, though over bold and confident, may be True, and Loyal.

But who engages readily to comply, who racks on Wings before his Sovereigns Face, as it were, for greater Expedition, and when

his Sovereign's back is turn'd, casting them off again, Steers quite contrary ways ; such Subject wears a Heart, but little known to Loyalty ; And if in power, may cause the Pillars which support the Safety of his Prince to shake, and totter ; not to stand firm, and shockless.

But, how say you, how dare such Subject, having took upon him to make the Wheels run on ; how dare he, or how can he make them stop, and frustrate expectation ? Not by refusing to perform his Promise, but by contriving how to obstruct Performance : That is,

Or by means of some more fair pretence, keep the Ship tottering to and fro, at Anchor, till the Wind fails, which should, and might, had Sail in time been spread, have bore it on with a lucky Gale to Action :

Or, by the help of long Delays, drawing by Degrees the Affair in hand from *Cæsar's* View, place it at last, amongst the things forgotten :

Or, finally, by new and new Stumbling-blocks, still cast i'th' way, quite tire out those that pursue it.

And

And hence it is, that our Saviour Christ, sending the rough one off with a gentle Character, leaves this *Fair-spoken*, but *False-hearted* Subject, under the Arrest of more hard Censure.

And indeed with cause; for who says No, although he stand to't; that is, although he openly, and violently Resist, in words, his Prince; when you have spoke the worst of such Resistance, you can but liken it, as David does, *Sagitta volanti in die*; To an Arrow shot by day; which seen, does little hurt. *Psal. 19.*

But who above-Board plays his Sovereign's Game, and under Deck his own; who says *Amen* to all things, and then obstructs the Execution of what hath been determin'd, Wounds with his very Balsom, Corrodes with Lenitives; wraps up the Foe in Friend, the Night in Day, Eclipse, in Sun-shine; And this is that *Negotium perambulans in tenebris*, An Affair carried on in darkness; from which the Royal Prophet begs, and begs hard, to be delivered, and so may every Caesar. *Psal. 19.*

Loyalty, is of such Daunting Nature, and so Majestick Look, as gives none leave to bate.

fac'd to Assault it: And that all Attempts against it, are unwarrantable, is made evident by those smooth Pretences to break from it, all make their Ushers to Disloyal Action.

2 King. c. 15. *Abjalom*, now ambitious of a Crown, and hot upon contrivance how to gain it, in order to that War he was determin'd to involve the Kingdom in, makes use of subtile Artifice; and first, he strives to render himself acceptable to the People, by taking their pretended wrongs to heart. *Videntur mihi sermones tui iusti*: Your Cause is good, says he, to each disgusted Subject, your Grievance great, and all your Complaints just, and reasonable.

And having thus try'd to endear himself, he next attempts, by throwing Scandal on him, to make the King his Father Odious to them. *Sed non est qui te audiat constitutus a Rege*: But alas, pursues he, where the main Spring is at a loss, and moves not, how should the lesser Wheels keep steady in their motion! Your King, your King, sleeps to his Charge, minds not his Obligation; 'Tis like enough he may be still contriving, but 'tis

'tis to poss himself well, and not You ; to Crown his own, not your despised wishes : The Law's in Fetters, Equity a Bond-slave, Justice hides ; and as, who should, and might effect it, want Good Will ; so those, who would, are destitute of Power to do thee Reason.

Thus *Abfalom* laid the Train, that was to blow up *Cæsar* ; and when thus the People are Alarm'd, *Cæsar's* beset, the Tide of Tumult's gathering ; and if he clap not Sluice down close upon it, the swelling Flood will soon break in upon him ; For what is't else, to say, *Non est qui te audiat* ; you can't be heard, you can't have Justice done ye, you can't enjoy the benefit of the Laws, while this King Reigns, but that you must attempt to get another. *Non est qui te audiat.*

That Man we cherish a sincere esteem for, we would have all the World to set a value on ; nor can we be true Friends to him, whose fierce Opponents we wish well to, whose well known Foes we interleague with ; since thus we do at once both stroke, and buffet him, Own, and Renounce him, Hug him in our Arms,

Arms, and Cast him from us; a Practice neither Friendly, nor Faithful heart can be acquainted with.

Cap. 19.

St. *Luke* makes mention of a certain Subject, or Servant, who having received from the hands of the Lord a Talent to be improv'd, wraps it up in his Handkerchief, and hides it deep in the Earth; and as he could not find in his heart to Improve it, so neither would he venture to Impair it; but, when called for, delivers it back just as he took it, without all improvement, without all impairment.

But, that sad Fate, o'retook this his indifferency, makes good what last was said, and shews God a mortal Foe to double Dealing, and that more old than helpful Art of *Trimming*, was, to his cost, made use of by this Servant; who, by dividing himself betwixt those Two opposite Powers, *God*, and the *World*, thought to provide at once both for his future Safety, and his present Ease.

He aim'd to please God, by foulding up his Guilt in clean Linnen, and taking care to preserve it; And at the same, by Non-use, or concealment of it, Ecclipsing the
Glory

Glory of him that gave it, he cologu'd apparently with the World ; and, as afraid to incur the displeasure of the one, so unwilling to lose his Interest with the other ; while he catches at the favour of God, by receiving his Bounty with a thankful Reverence, he strives to ingratiate with the World, by neither glorying in it, nor making any good use of it. *Abcondit pecuniam Domini sui.*

Matth. 25.

Many such Trimming Servants are in every Kingdom to be found, who driving on a double Interest, and serving Two opposite Powers, by aiming to gain both, win neither ; or rather, who by studying to dis-oblige neither, injure both ; For, according to our Saviour, who they are not for, they are against ; and being in reality for neither, neither hath cause, with any pleasing Eye, to look upon them, who are against both, and strive to keep the Scales in equal Poise, that, They, in their Persons, and Fortunes, neither by the one, nor by the other's too-prevalent Power, may suffer.

The truth on't is, to these, their private Interest may seem to be, both *Ark*, and *Dagon* ; and concern'd for neither Parties happiness,

pinels, farther than their own, may seem depending on it ; 'tis Cross, or Pile to them, who is uppermost, so they keep safe ; nor care they what Wind blows, so it fill their Sails, and carry them out of danger.

And this Self-preservation so Bygots them, that what they do, they do not ; and with the same Breath, *Unvote*, what they have *Voted*.

For while they say to the one, *Be Resolute, yet not Severe, nor Sudden* ; what is it else they say, but, *Strike, and hold your Hand* : And in their *Converse* with the other, while they tell him, he must not stout it with his *Betters*, yet may lay claim to, and hold fast likewise what he reckons his, let who will tugg for't : What amounts this advice to : What other sense carry such words, but this, *Comply, and yet be Refractory ; Give Back, and Stand your Ground*.

And how little then, upon the whole, are either of the two Powers, they hault betwixt, indebted to such Counsellors, obliged by such Abbettors ; who pushing on the one, do pull him back ; and pulling back the other, push him on : and looking on themselves,

selves, as Prop to both, give in reality Support to neither.

Since then, the thus dispos'd, cannot well be truly Loyal ; let's take a view of those are known to be so, and observe, who give indeed to *Cæsar*, what's due to him.

ALl the World once was subject to one Power, aw'd by one Scepter, controul'd by one Law-giver ; and then was Majesty indeed Majestick, set off, and Circled with a Glory, each Dazled Eye both Joy'd, and Fear'd to look on : Now, Crowns look Dim on't, Scepters have lost their Awfulness, and strangely lessen'd is that State, and Grandeur, with which Kings heretofore did Prop their Sovereignty.

And sure the reason, in some good part, is, because Subjects, not Zealing now, as formerly, their Prince's Glory, contribute less to the Augmentation of it, beating their Brains, and studying how to increase their Own, not *Cæsar's* Lustre, how to make themselves, not *Cæsar*, High and Mighty : Whereas, whatever they possess; of Power, of Treasure, or of Popular Fame, their Obligation,

D

is,

is, to lay it all at *Cæsar's* Feet, to dedicate it all to *Cæsar's* Service, and Ambition nothing, but the Name, and Character, of Loyal Subjects.

2 King. c. 12. In confirmation of which Truth, we read, How the fore-mention'd *Joab*, General of *David's* Forces, having by a close and vigorous Siege of their chief City, brought the People of *Rabaath* to treat of a Surrender, leaves the final Agreement to King *David* himself; and inviting him then, and not till then, down to the Camp, gives this reason for his Invitation; *Ne nomini meo ascribatur Victoria*: Least, says he, to my Courage, and Conduct, and not to thy Valour, and Wisdom, O my King, the Victory be Ascribed.

What Noble Soul, what Generous Spirit, did this great Warriour bear? who would not suffer Fame to blow her Trumpet over any Head, but that of *Cæsar*; who took it off his own, to adorn his Sovereign's back with dress of Honour.

Such heretofore were Subjects to their Prince, such was the Loyalty of their Hearts, such their Zeal, to place each Glorious wreath on *Cæsar's* Head; and to add new Rays un-

to his Lustre, Eclipse their own, and take a pride to do it : *Ne nomini meo ascribuntur Victoria* : Least I, says this great Champion, this brave General, least I, and not my King, carry the name of Conquerour ; and yet 'twas He, and not his King that Conquer'd. Thus *Joab*.

And thus he gives the World to understand, That 'tis the Duty of each Loyal Subject, reserving to himself the Toil, and Sweat of each noble Enterprize ; to resign the Glory of it, to his Prince, to keep for him the Laurel.

It is yet farther to be mark'd, how, that while *Cesar* stands Unshock'd, while his Power prevails, and he bears high i'th' use of his Prerogatives, all are his Champions, all stand by him, and Swords keep drawn on all sides to defend him ; but the Scene Changing, and *Cesar* now Oppos'd by some strong Hand, by some fierce Danger threaten'd ; Loyalty gives back, Swords sheath again, his Champions fail him ; and who, while yet he did enjoy a Calm, kept ever at his Elbow, Sail'd close by him ; the Tempest up, provide for their own Safety, look

round for Haven, and give their *Cesar* leave to Ride alone upon the threat'ning Billows.

And yet, 'tis Then, Then 'tis that Loyalty should give Proof of it self; then 'tis, all faithful Subjects, by Adherence to him, by a Will, to run his Fate, offer indeed to *Cesar*, what they Owe Him, that is, a Sacrifice of their Lives and Fortunes.

2 *King.c.15.* This likewise is a Truth confirm'd by *Sacred History*, which tells us, How that *Absalom* now in Arms, The Valorous *Athai* hastening to *David's* Aid, but wish'd by him to withdraw from Danger, made this Reply; *In quocunque loco fueris, Domine me Rex, sive in Morte, sive in Vita, ibi erit servus tuus.* Where ever he shall be, says *Athai*, however Fate shall dispose of my Lord and Sovereign, whether to his Ruin, or to his Safety; whether to his Glory, or Reproach; in the same Bottom will he Embark himself, the self-same Oar, is his Servant *Athai* resolv'd to Row with.

Behold another glorious pattern of Fidelity, Rival to *Joab*, and no less passionate Lover

ver of his Prince : The one stood up a Zealot for his Glory, the other for his *Cæsar's* Safety.

Joab was content to hide amidst the Crowd of dimmer Lights, to make his Sovereign shine a Star of the first Magnitude ; *Athai's* Ambition was to be the Shield should cover him from Danger ; Both worthy to have Trophies, Trophies of Gold erected to their Memory, though each did but his Duty, and no more, than every Loyal Subject is bound to do.

Joab Inspires us, by lessening our selves, to make our Sovereign great ; *Athai* tells us, That 'tis a duty still Incumbent on us, to fall, as well as stand ; as well to sink as swim with *Cæsar*, and keep for ever to those Paths he treads in, whether these be paths of Safety, or paths of Danger, paths of Happiness, or paths of Misery, paths of Life, or paths of Death. *Quocunque loco fueris sive in morte, sive in vita, ibi erit servus tuus.*

To conclude this part of my Discourse : The same King *David*, expressing once before his Armed Troops, a desire to taste of those Waters, which were kept in the Cistern of

2 Kings.

of *Bethlehem*, Three of his Soldiers withdrawing from the rest, break in upon the Enemy ; And, to fulfil their Sovereign's Desire, to Crown his Wish, by offering themselves to as many Swords, as there were Soldiers, to as many Wounds as there were Swords in the *Philistian* Army, leave it to Posterity, as a plausible Truth, That not only the express Commands of Sovereign, when a just one, are to be obey'd, but every Lawful Wish, each his known Inclination, to be comply'd with, though sometimes at the expence of Sweat and Blood.

Psal. 44.

And Now to comprehend in short, what more at length, I have discours'd of to you, I must make use of those the Royal Prophet's words, *Eruſtavit Cor meum verbum bonum.* My heart, says he, (speaking in the Person of a Loyal Subject,) my heart hath utter'd a good word : And what great news is this ? hath he not utter'd many ? What word is there, in all those spiritual Lectures, he reads to us, which is not good ? And why then speaks he, as if the word now on his Tongue, were the only good one ?

This

This is to shew the Excellency of that word he is now about to utter, and make us apprehend the more than usual goodness of it ; And what then is it ? *Dico ego opera mea Regi* : Behold the words so excellently good, so truly plausible. *Dico ego opera mea Regi*. ' My Works, says he, are such as need no Mask to hide them from my King, I tell him frankly all, and dedicate my self, and them both to his Service ; all my whole study, all my contrivance is, to discharge fully, and rightly my Duty to him.

I drive not on a double Interest ; nor carry I an Indifferency who is uppermost, so I keep safe ; but will have *Cesar* sway without controul, what ever my Fate prove ; Nor engage I in any promises before my Sovereign's Face, but what behind his Back I labour to make good ; in all Mens hearing, I own my self an Enemy to his Foes, and take into my Breast, wear next my Heart, all those who are his Friends ; what ever Power, or Priviledge, whatever Honours ennoble and enrich me, I look upon as Gifts planted by *Cesar's* Gracious Hand, and all the Fruits, they yield, Memorials of his Goodness ;

ness ; and thus find cause to run all Hazards with him, and glory more to march through tearing Bryars at a distance from him, for his sake ; than to be seated, for my own, on flowry Bank, close by him : Nor reap I any comfort from those Works, though such, as make all Mankind my Adorers, if these advance not my *Cesar's* Glory ; if these contribute not to my *Cesar's* Safety ; *Eruclavit cor meum verbum bonum, dico opera mea Regi.* Thus acts he, and thus speaks he, and speaks it from his heart each faithful Subject.

And thus in part you have been shew'd what things are due to *Cesar* ; and what the ingredients are, which make up that Noble Compound of a Loyal Subject. And, as I doubt not, but that its Lovely Countenance, and those fair Charms sit on it, have long since gain'd You to her, and made You set a Value on this True Maid of Honour, **LOYALTY.**

So, the Monstrous Form, that Killing Aspect it appears with, those Frights, those Fears, those Dangers, which attend it, cannot but cause you both to hate, and shun, that

that blackest Feind, *Rebellion*; whose Nature, and whose Qualities, I am now lastly to give you some account of.

Render unto Caesar the things which are due to Caesar.

THere's nothing Man delights in more than Liberty; Nor is there any thing more grievous to him than Restraint; what wonder then, since all Subjection does imply Restraint, if who do hate Restraint, abhor Subjection; which may seem to be the greatest part of all Mankind, and yet to live a Subject is as Con-natural to Man, as 'tis to be a Creature.

To which purpose we may observe, how that God had no sooner made Man, then ennobling him with the Government of other Creatures, he took from him the Command of himself; and injoining him under pain of Death, not to taste of such a Fruit, he strip'd him of that Supreme Dominion, we all hanker after, and strive for.

And some will needs wonder, why God designing to make Man happy, and withal

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fore-

foreseeing, that by a Recess from it, he would make both himself, and his Posterity Unfortunate, would, nevertheless, lay such injunction upon him.

But the Case is clear, and neither could God have shew'd himself to be God, but by Commanding ; nor Man have known himself to be Man, but by lying under an Obligation to Obey.

For had he been placed in a Region of Pleasure, absolute Lord over all things created, without check to his Will, or restraint upon his Humour ; by finding his Power unbounded, he would have believ'd his Being independent ; and upon a rash Supposal that such his Being was from himself, he would have judg'd no Tribute of Submission, Obsequiousness, or Compliancy, due to any one but himself ; and so standing up a God in his own Opinion, he would quickly have forgot, all the Obligations, and laid all the Duty of a Creature, and Man aside ; and thus, more than probably speaking, not only to the Prejudice, but the Nullment of Posterity, have brought upon himself the same unchangeable Lot, those Apostate Angels,

gels, were Doom'd to : *Quid ei fuit, ut comederet, nisi quia potestate uti vellet.* Adam, says St. *Augustine*, had no other motive to Eat of the forbidden Fruit, but to learn the Extent of his Power, and try, whether he were King, or Subject, Master, or Servant, Absolute, or Depending.

De Vir. Do.

To the same effect, is that of *David* : *Constitue super eos Domine Legislatorem, ut sci-ant gentes, quoniam homines sunt.* Appoint over Nations, O God, a Law-giver, or Supreme Magistrate, that they may know they are Men ; For what is this else to say, but that it is absolutely necessary, for Men, that they may know they are Men, to live in a perpetual Subjection : And to make us sensible of this our Obligation, and prevent all endeavours to shake it off, as it is this day said to us, *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari.* Give to Cæsar, what ye owe to Cæsar ; live ever in a due Subjection to him.

The first of Men contracted a heavy Debt, a long Score of Punishment, by trying to unlink that Chain which held him in Subjection to God ; And their attempt to untwist the Line of that Submission, which is due to

Cæsar, hath cost many Nations dear; and God knows better how to overlook his Own, than *Cæsar's* Injuries; and sooner pardons, what is most offensive to his best Friends in Heaven, than what's injurious even to his Foes on Earth.

For, if sin, be Conspiracy against God; whoever sins, acts the Conspirator; and yet how soon, and easily, doth God by pardoning greatest Crimes, forgive the worst of those Conspire against him; and yet, as if he set more by his Vassal, then Himself; how loud he threatens all that Plot mischief against Man; how deeply he Resents each wrong, that's done him. *Quod uni ex meis minimis feastis, mihi feastis*: What ever injury, says God, you do to any of your Neighbours, you do to Me, and must expect an equal Scourge for doing it.

Math. 25.

Now, if what ever abuse we put upon the Meanest of our Fellow-Subjects, God take so to heart, can we frame Engins to bear down our King with, and yet he not Resent it? Can fierce battery of Tongue, or Hand, play, with a daring Insolence, on his Vice.

Vicegerent's, and God plant none against it ? Will he behold his Second-self Assaulted, and sit down tamely with the Affront, and neither by punishing Crime, nor Criminal, teach Men indeed to cry, *Quis noster Dominus est* ; Who is there to controul us ?

No, no, (Dear Brethren,) Kings are a Sacred Race ; God's first Anointed, his chiefest Care, the Apple of his Eye ; their Injuries, are his Wrongs, their Contumelies, his Reproaches ; and to prevent all foul Attempts against them, God shoots off friendly Warning-piece, while he says, *Nolite tangere cristis meos.* *Take heed of touching my* Chr. 16.
Anointed. Words of a daunting nature, and such as seem nearly to threaten all that presume to lift up hand against them.

Ask David, why, unjustly persecuted, and that to Death by Saul, and every hour in Danger, while Saul Reign'd King, He did not in the Cave, where Saul was at his mercy, by cutting him off, put a final Period to those Fears, those Dangers, were never to have End while Saul had Being ; ask him, I say, why he forbore to do it, and he will tell

Reg. 1.

tell you, *Non extendam manum meam in Dominum meum, quia Christus Domini est.* I would not, says he, I durst not do it, because *Saul* being one of my God's Anointed, to have drawn a Sword against him; to have laid violent hands upon him, would have been, to prepare the Block for my own Head, to dress the Altar, on which I could not but expect soon after to bleed my self a Victim.

And indeed so it is; and we may observe as well in Sacred, as in Profane History, scarce any one King, though bloodiest Tyrant, Murder'd by that Man, on whom, soon after, the heavy Hand of Justice was not known to fall; and Blood repaid with Blood.

Reg. 3. 4.

Zacharias, King of *Israel*; *Hela*, King of *Juda*; *Zenacherib*, King of *Syria*, were all Three Murder'd by a Subject's Hand. *Jabes* the Murtherer of *Zacharias* Reign'd a few days, and then himself, by other hands, was both Dethron'd, and Murder'd. The Sons of *Zenacherib*, by whose Sacrilegious hands the King their Father fell, never once grasp'd the Scepter, never had Diadem on their

their Head; but overtaken by revengeful stroke, dropt both a sudden, and signal Sacrifice to God's Just Anger.

Zambri, whose bloody Arm King *Hela* fell by, sat Seven Days Enthron'd, and then Awaken'd Justice, as it were, to make amends for the Delay, dealt with him more feyerely, then with either of the other Three Assassins; For, as he sat Revelling in his Palace, he saw his own Armed Troops beset him round, and reading in their furious Look, his own sad Destiny; more instigated by those Terroures, his then reviving Guilt surpriz'd him with, then by the naked Swords which threaten'd him; he set fire to the Roof which shelter'd him; and by making himself a Prey to the raging Flames, made known what fatal Blossom puts forth from Bud of Treachery; and with Tragical Exit, gave Subjects all to know, that, who, lets Treason Hatch within his Bosom, warms a chill Snake, gives life unto a Serpent, will sting him soon to Death.

Such is the usual Lot of all who Conspire against their Sovereign; and at such rate it is, still chastises that Horrid Crime of Regicide;

side; and therefore seldom 'tis, such Monster comes abroad.

But there's another Way, another Method, to Undermine a King's safe Being, more frequently made use of, and so made use of, as to find place amongst those very Actions, call for Applause, and carry look of Loyalty: And this more refined piece of subtilty, is, to render weak the Staff, Great *Cæsar* leans on, disable whom he most appears to trust to, and run those down that are his chief Support, and bear him up; and to find out, withal, such fair pretence to do it, as *Cæsar* often knows not how to disapprove, nor yet allow of; not how, or to Unhead it, or stop that Javelin, he sees flee at him; and is design'd through Subject's Breast to Wound him.

Dan. 6.

To which purpose we read, How the Prophet *Daniel*, though an Enemy to his False Gods, yet a True Friend to King *Darius*, and highly Valu'd by him, because found ever Just, Upright, and Loyal; insomuch, that as the Patriarch *Joseph* once in *Ægypt*, so he in *Syria*, next to the King, sat first at the Helm of Government.

This

This caus'd the other Nobles of *Darius* to Huff and Bluster ; and, though they knew *Daniel* to be no less Serviceable, than Loyal to their King ; and that to Mow him down, was to cut off *Cesar's* Right Hand, run back the Peoples happiness, and take away their Guardian-Angel from them ; They nevertheless, Envy, and Malice raging High within them, resolv'd to be his Ruin.

And hereupon, laying their Heads together, as it were to Magnifie, and Exalt their *Cesar*, they frame an Edict, in which all are Commanded, under pain of Death, for Thirty Days space, to bend no Knee, Adore, or pay Homage, to any Power, but King *Darius*.

Good God ! How high, and venterfomly does Malice soar, when once upon the Wing ! With what fierce speed, o're King, and Subjects Head, does Envy Spur, when it hath Game before it ! What Subtilties both make use of, to Overwhelm the Innocent.

How soothing to a Proud, Vain-glorious King, and how attractive, must needs such Edict be, which plac'd him on a Heavenly

F

Throne,

Throne, and made him, first, for one Months time, at least, of all the Thundering Deities : And yet o'th' other side, how truly prejudicial to *Darius*, was the same Law, by being Fatal to his Servant *Daniel* ; who, as his Enemies well foresaw, by persevering to Adore his own True God still, would make at once a forfeiture both of his Life and Dignity.

But what success had this their politick Designs ? a very sad one ; for, *Daniel* took safe, and sound, out of the Lyon's Den ; *Darius*, notwithstanding all their feign'd Zeal to do him Honour, caus'd the Contrivers to be cast into it, and saw them made a Prey to those Wild Beasts, forbore to injure *Daniel*.

Thus, these great States-Men, blinded by Malice to their best Advantage, hudwink'd by Envy to their truest Interest, mistaking Rock, for Harbour, Shelve for Shoar ; and Shipwreck'd finally on those very Sands design'd for *Daniel*'s Tomb, paid the Debt due to all disloyal Hearts.

And truly, one of the greatest misfortunes, Man lies under, is to mistake his Interest, by framing

framing to himself false *Idea's* of his Happiness ; is, to look through a false Optick, and yet believe he takes the Form in ; to seek for Safety in the Arms of Danger ; lay hold on Ruin, for Preservative ; and swallow Poison, for the Antidote.

So were our first Parents, mistaken in their Measures ; and we still Calculate to the same false Meridian ; Marching towards better Liberty, on that Road, which leads to a worse Slavery, than That we strive so hard to gain Release from.

To get off the Nettle, we often cast our selves on piercing Thorn ; exchange the scratch of Pin, for wound of Dagger ; and to avoid the weight of Pepper-Corn, oft put our Shoulders under the Load of Millstone.

Quisque suos patimur Manes. Man to himself is never easie ; knows never when he's well : And to better it, the means he takes, still worsens his Condition.

The Frogs you know, as story goes, were much dis-satisfied to want a King ; and having one Alloted them, who suffered all abuses, and himself, finally, to be trampled

on; they still remained uneasie, complain'd, and mutter'd, till at last a King was given them, to look on whom, was to awaken Danger, and to approach him, certain Death; and this was all they got by changing Sovereigns.

Dumb Creatures can take warning, and once for all, to shut the Door upon those Evils, that fatal Womb of Change, is ever big with, who once Reigns over them, Reigns King for ever: And, what his Subjects the first Minute of his Reign, are to him, he finds the same, to the last Period of it; and they by instinct of Nature, enamour'd of Peace, do still enjoy it.

Man, who hath Reason for his Guide, and knows by long, and sad Experience, how Fatal Change oft proves; knows Peace to be greatest Good; War, the worst Evil; still is for Change; still hankers after War; still takes occasion to Quarrel with the Government he is under; fault *Cæsar* too: And taught, by too much Clemency, to presume, and dare, gives first his Tongue, and then his Hand leave to Assault him. But, *Qui habitat in Cælis viridebit eos, & Dominus Sub-*
sannabit

lambit eis. God Laughs at such daring
Folly; and yet to shew how hateful it is to
him, he Dulls, Benums, Infatuates all take
to it. A : *De amoribus muros circumquid amant*

And indeed, who makes Scrutiny, will soon
find, That all Rebellion, is true Infatuation;
For, if Peace and Plenty go Hand, in Hand,
and Truth and Justice keep ever folded each
in others Arms, and where these Goddesses
walk, all Happiness walk by them, what grea-
ter Infatuation, what truer frensie can there
be, than by a War, and that too, a Domestic
one, to drive such Guests away; and by
admitting Rage, Rapine, and Injustice in
their Room, ring our own Tolling-Bell, and
dig a Grave to bury all our Joy, and Com-
forts in.

Quærimus bona, &c. ecce turbatio; We fan-
cy'd better settlement, says the now Unhud-
wink'd Rebel, but met with more, and worse
Disturbance: We catch'd at Ease, but gras-
ped new Toil, new Troubles; We aim'd
at Liberty, but continue Slaves; We could
not bear with shadow of Restraint, and now
behold we groan o're-charg'd with Fetters:
In a word, in what we did, we thought we
play'd

play'd the Sober, and the Wise Ones, but find, too late, we acted Frantic; play'd the Fool.

Omnis sapientia eorum devorata est: A Rebellious Spirit, a Tumultuous Humor, makes a quick Prey of Wisdom, soon devours all humane Prudence; and causes misled Man, to what those Weapons, he should dull; hope for what he ought to fear, and Dare, where he should Tremble; o'rethrow, what 'tis his Interest to prop, and set his shoulders to bear up, what his best safety wills him to pull down. *Omnis Sapientia eorum devorata est.*

The Jews, of all the People in the World, by Nature, most Stubborn, and Rebellious, gave ample Testimony of this Truth; who were no sooner free from one Scourge, than by some second petulant Attempt, some daring Enterprize, they call'd loud for another; and like true Franticks, still for themselves, they bundled up fresh Rods, and by new Rebel-Actions, bar'd their back for new stripes.

Heavy, and grievous was that Yoke proud Pharaoh kept them under; and long, and earnest

earnest was their Prayer to God, as well it might, for a Delivery; which now obtained; they had as yet scarce tasted those longed for sweets of Liberty, when the old Rebel-Humour, seising on them, they are again for Bondage; and with Tumultuous Out-cry, ask to be led back to it. *Cur edux-Exod. 14.*

isti nos de Aegypto, ut moriremur hic, in solitudine: Why hast thou led us out of Egypt, to destroy us here in the Desert? Thus, they to Moses; And in these words, what, upon Examination will be found but Folly, Phrensie, and Infatuation.

For, what more foolish, or more frantick question, then to ask Chirurgeon why he bound up my wounds? What more true, or plain Infatuation, then to pick quarrels with Physician, because he stop'd my Ague, chas'd my Feaver from me? To hate my Shield, because it kept the blow off; to rail at Winds, for bringing me to the Haven, or forceably break from him, I am only safe, while held by.

All this, their Rebel Humour, caus'd the Jews to do; for, *Moses*, in conducting them out of *Aegypt*, play'd skilful Chirurgion, acted

ed wise Physician, as often as he try'd by
wholsom Documents, by good Advice, to
render them plyable; to make them faith-
ful.

He took their Yoak off, and transform'd
their Slavery, into a glorious Liberty; he
Seourg'd their Foe, to free them from the
Lash; made threat'ning Sea as Haven to
them; and, to their Enemies, such Haven,
threat'ning Sea: In a word, he made the
Waves entomb their Enemy King; Ship-
wrack'd all *Ægypt*, to set them safe on shoar:
And now behold they ask him, why he did
it? Complain, and Mutter, as if both God, and
He, were their worst Foes, and all the Mira-
cles wrought for their Preservation, had, in
reality, been nothing else, but close Design
to Ruin them. *Cur eduxisti nos de Ægypto,
ut moriremur hic in solitudine: Why hast Thou,
and God brought us out of Ægypt, to destroy us
here in the Wilderne/s.*

This Tumult was occasion'd, not so much
by the present want on't, as by the fear of wan-
ting Food once under such barren Clime; and
who, but Men by Rebel-Passion lost to their
Wits, could entertain such fear; as if that Hand,
that

that Power, which, in their sight gave Being to such Prodigies, and with such Train of Wonders, such Troop of Miracles, conducted them out of *Egypt*, could not find means to quench their Thirst, to satisfy their Hunger.

But Rebel will be Rebel, do what you can to gain him. And now that precious Viand, known by the name of *Manna*, spread round upon the Earth, they lay Encamp'd on; in taste, to every one, what he most long'd to feed on, so Rich, so Pleasant, and so Delicate, as made them judge it to be the Food of Angels; who could have thought, but that such signal proof of an Omnipotent Patron watching over them, must needs for ever banish all their Fears, and fix them in their Duty?

But Mutinous Hearts, are ever restless; and they again by raising Out-cry, and picking Quarrels with this Sacred Food, caus'd God again to Arm; and thus convince us, That where Rebellious Humour carries sway, Infatuation is abroad, and busy; Two Fatal Evils, inseparable each from other; that creates Danger, this blinds us to it:

At other times, God throws a Dart, or Two, and then lays by his Quiver ; But when Rebellion is on Foot, all his Darts fly, his Quiver empties ; *Sagittas meas complibo.* 'Tis then, says God, that I am forc'd to learn, what stock of Darts is by me.

10. This David was aware of, sigh'd to know it, and thereupon with trembling Voice cries out, *Sagittae tuae acute* : Some of thy Arrows, O thy God, says he, are sharp indeed, very sharp pointed. And what, Great Saint, to do with ? What Mark to hit ? What But to shoot at ? *In corda inimicorum Regis.* These killing Javelins, says he, must not be flung at every guilty Head, each sinful Breast, but are reserv'd to pierce the Heart of those who Plot against their King, are Foes to *Cesar* : *In corda inimicorum Regis.*

Which is, in effect, to say, that This, or that fire wound, may serve for punishment of other Crimes, but Treason never fails to meet with Death, since every Dart there fix'd, whatever Wound the Heart receives, proves always deadly.

To wind up then, and for prevention of such Mortal Blow, to shun the stroke of such Heart-piercing

Piercing Arrows ; *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris*,
 Cæsari : Giue unto *Cæsar*, what ye owe to
Cæsar, that *Cæsar* may return what's due to
 You.

Cæsar's your Guardian, *Cæsar's* your Pro-
 tector ; the Title's Glorious, but the Burden
 Heavy. ' Your Dangers, are his Perils ; your
 ' Frights, his Fears ; your Troubles, are his
 ' Anguish : In every Storm that shakes ye, *Cæ-*
 ' *sar's* tost, by every Arm assaults ye, *Cæsar's*
 ' threat'ned ; in every injur'd Subject, *Cæsar's*
 ' wrong'd ; in every vigilant Eye, 'tis *Cæsar*
 ' watches ; in every aking Heart, 'tis *Cæsar*
 ' mourns ; in every wounded Bosom, *Cæsar*
 ' bleeds : What Tribute then of dutiful Com-
 ' pliancy hath Loyalty to pay, which is not
 ' *Cæsar's* due ; who carries on his Back whole
 ' load of Kingdom, and in his Breast, the
 ' Cares, and Fears of *All Men*.

'Tis true ; the great, and powerful of this
 World, were ever look'd upon as the Mark
 of Envy ; But, if the Judgement of the most
 Sage, and Wise, have in it poise, or weight,
 These are the Men, call for Compassion, and
 deserve our Pity.

Cares, Fears, Mistrusts, Doubts, Jealousies; Anxiety, are their Inseparable Companions ; and, while the Low, and Despicable, enjoy the sweets of Peace, lye safe at Anchor, the High, and Mighty, are Sailing ever on Tempestuous Sea, and tread no Paths, but what are lin'd with Fears, beset with Danger.

All Pomp, and State's but Pageantry, Life, a Dream , which proves as sweet to him, keeps Straw for Boulster, as unto those have Bed of Down to stretch on : Purples, to the Eye, speak Bliss, make shew of greatest Happiness ; but every fold that's in them, folds up Trouble, wraps up Cares, which make the strongest shoulders shrink to bear them.

Diadems cast Lustre from them, proudly Sparkle, but 'tis with painted Ray, with *Glow Worm* Beam, which does but little warm, and little cherish. Great Potentates , are great Shadows, which take indeed more room up, and spread farther, than those of other Mortals, but as soon reach their Point, and as soon Vanish : Their smoothest Calms, have ever something of rough Tempest in them ; their brightest Day, is found a kin to Darkness ; and in their fairest Orb Clouds meet,

meet, and gather : Their Heart weighs often heavy, while their Look is lightsome : Their surest Hope, Fears intercept, and Mix with ; and Sorrow ever keeps an Elbow on the self-same Pillow, all their Joys adhere to.

'Tis true, they can Ennoble, they can Impower, they can Enrich ; but whom ? Those, who too frequently make their Rise instrumental to his Fall, they owe it to. Those, who imploy their Might, to render him Powerless they receiv'd it from ; those, who are prodigal of their Wealth, to make him poor, that gave it ; those, whose contrivance, is, to Eclipse his Glory, they took their Lustre from, to undermine his Bliss, gave birth to all their Happiness, and Shipwreck him, who plac'd them in the Haven.

Thus *Cæsar's* greatest Priviledge, their best Prerogatives proves often fatal to them ; thus, they reap Anguish, where they sow'd Seed of Comfort : Thus by mistake of Foe, for Friend, of False, for True one, of Evil, for good Subject, *Cæsar's* too often become their own Supplanters, and see their Government shock'd, their Safety threaten'd, by those very hands, they Arm'd to keep off Danger.

Many strong motives then, there may be found,

found, to entertain Compassion for all *Cæsars*, and strive by due Compliancy, to ease their Cares, but none, by fierce Alarms to Augment them; Specially, where the Rod, they govern with, hath more of soft Wax, than stubborn Iron in it: Where neither on their Tongue, proud threats do sit, nor in their Hearts, designing Malice found; nor, in their words, yet, any taste of Gall; nor in their Edicts, any marks of Tyranny; nor in their deeds, Oppression.

Where such a *Cæsar's* found, what Heart, what Breast, can let a thought in to disturb his Peace? What obligation, by all the Laws, as well of Heaven, as Earth, are all his Subjects under to obey him? With what forceable Impulse, with how strong Influence, do both God, and Nature inspire each Head, to bow to such a *Cæsar*? each Tongue to praise him; each Heart to love him; each Hand, each Arm, to arm in his defence, and cleave fast to him.

For, if it be a Crime, the Angels start at, for Subjects to contrive the Ruin of their Prince, although, the worst of Men, though fiercest Tyrant, and hated too by Heaven; What crying Sin is theirs? what Characters
of

of Guilt stamp they upon their Conscience,
who Plot the down-fall of a Good, a Gracious,
and a Clement *Cæsar* ?

A *Cæsar*, Heaven more than once, hath
shew'd it self a Trusty Friend to, Cod a sure
Guardian : A *Cæsar*, so far from all Tyran-
nical designs, as not to entertain a Thought,
or vent a Word, or do an Action ; But what,
if look'd into, by impartial Eye, will soon
be found to aim at nothing more, than settled
Peace of Realm ; to Level at nothing far-
ther, then his whole Kingdoms Joy, his Peo-
ples Happiness : A *Cæsar*, finally, who knows
not how to cherish other hopes, than those
of placing once his all-dear Subjects on a se-
cure Level ; nor lives acquainted with any
other fear, than that of seeing Danger make
way towards them.

And how ungrateful, how unjust a work
then may it seem, to Pile up Thistles, and
and plant the way with Thorns, such *Cæsar*
walks in ? what pity 'tis, where Cares alrea-
dy throng, to add fresh Troubles to them ?
where Soars abound, to give new Ulcers Being.

Specially, while we, through every part,
and point of such sad Scene, are like our
selves to suffer ; since where the Head is
threatned,

